

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

THE POPE'S BLESSING.



His Holiness Pius X. in the act of conferring a blessing. This, the most recent photograph of the Pope, was taken by a London photographer, who journeyed to Rome at the express desire of his Holiness.—(Histed.)

PRINCE OF WALES ILL.



H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, upon whom a slight operation was performed yesterday, photographed side by side with the Princess. This is the latest portrait taken of the Prince.—(J. C. Dinham.)

ILLNESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Slight Operation, but Patient in No Danger.

AT WORK AS USUAL.

Queen Alexandra Reported Slightly Unwell on Her Foreign Tour.

Consternation and alarm reigned throughout the land yesterday morning when it was learned that it had been found necessary to perform an operation upon the Prince of Wales.

Fortunately, however, a report of a most reassuring nature was promptly issued in the following terms:—

Marlborough House, Monday.

Owing to a slight operation performed this morning his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will be confined to his room for a few days. As his Royal Highness's condition gives rise to no uneasiness, no bulletins will be issued.

F. H. LAKING.

FREDK. TREVES.

The very fact that it was not considered necessary to issue bulletins was itself calculated to dispel anxiety and alarm, and general relief was felt that his Royal Highness's indisposition carried no serious consequences with it.

From an authoritative source the *Daily Mirror* learns that the operation, which was performed shortly before noon yesterday, was of a nature to cause no uneasiness whatever. It was, we learn, the lancing of an abscess.

PRINCELY CONSIDERATION.

The Prince himself particularly desired that no seriousness should be attached, and the bulletin was issued solely to allay any anxiety which might be felt as the result of inconsequent rumours.

His Royal Highness will remain within doors for a few days in order to avoid any danger of catching cold in the afflicted part.

"So slight was the operation," said our informant, "that his Royal Highness has been at work with his secretary since it took place."

Hitherto his Royal Highness has been singularly immune from illness. In December, 1891, after a visit to his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, in Ireland, he suffered from a sharp attack of enteric fever.

In January, 1901, his Royal Highness was prevented by an attack of German measles from attending the investiture of the Crown Prince of Germany with the Order of the Garter. With these exceptions his Royal Highness has hardly known a day's sickness.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT GENOA.

Her Majesty the Queen, who arrived at Genoa on the royal yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, did not land there because she was suffering from a slight headache.

The indisposition, however, is of so unimportant a character that it was not considered necessary to inform the King of it.

His Majesty will leave London at 10.30 on Monday morning for Dover, whence he will cross to Calais by the turbine steamer *Queen*.

He will proceed straight to Marseilles, there to join Queen Alexandra on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*.

Her Majesty will remain on the royal yacht with the King, and for the first time in several years will not be present at the celebration of her father's birthday in Copenhagen.

TWENTY KILLED BY MINE DISASTER.

NEW YORK, Monday.—A dispatch from Carbonale, Illinois, states that railroad officials report that fifty-four miners are entombed in Mr. Joseph Leiter's mine at Ziegler (Ill.).

According to later reports twenty men were killed and eighteen injured by an explosion of gas.—Reuter.

"FIRST SINGLE" TO ZAMBESI.

In the first week of July the railway over the new bridge—the highest in the world—spanning the Zambesi, and only just completed, will be opened. The opening ceremony will be performed by the Duke of Abercorn.

RESTORING THE DEAD TO LIFE.

CHICAGO, Monday.—It is announced that Professor Guthrie, of Chicago University, in conjunction with Professor Stewart, has perfected a method by which he has restored life to cats and dogs after they have been dead for five-and-twenty minutes as the result of asphyxiation.—Laffan.

MARCHING ON KIRIN.

Japanese Advance Another Step in Their Sweeping Movement.

The Japanese are now making a direct advance on Kirin, where the Russian army is concentrating. An official dispatch received in Tokio announces the occupation of a village on the main road from Mukden to Kirin, and about midway between these two towns.

It is believed that a formal council will shortly be held at Tarskoe Selo finally to decide whether or not the war is to be continued, after considering reports from General Linievitch, the other commanding officers, and the Russian Ambassadors abroad.

Russian opinion concerning the prospects of the Baltic Fleet has been summed up by a Russian naval officer, who says that Admiral Rojestvensky is hastening to his destruction.

MORE BLOODSHED IN POLAND.

WARSAW, Monday.—A telephone message from Lodz states that two drunken Cossacks attacked four pedestrians at midnight, killing two of them and wounding the others.

The man who threw the bomb at the police commissioner at Lodz on Saturday died in hospital yesterday, without having regained consciousness.—Reuter.

FATE OF REVOLUTIONARIES.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—Two of the female prisoners arrested in connection with the alleged Terrorist conspiracy, Ivanovskaya and Levaniev, are of good family. A sister of the former is married to the well-known writer, Korolenko, while an uncle of the latter occupies a high official position, and is an ardent reactionary.

It is unlikely that any of the twelve prisoners will ever be seen or heard of again.—Reuter.

SIEGE BY WATER HOSE.

Firemen Score a Triumph Where the Police Hopelessly Fail.

The Kasan police (according to a Laffan message from St. Petersburg) made several attempts to arrest at the Hotel Francois Dr. Popoff, who was posing as a military doctor, but who is believed to be a suspicious character.

When they went to his room he took morphia and kept them at bay by revolver shots.

Then the police invoked the aid of the fire brigade, and the firemen applied the water through a window, compelling him to capitulate, though even then he succeeded in shooting himself in the chest.

Money to the amount of £22,800 was found upon him.

WHAT IS PURE BRANDY?

Government Fixes a Standard for Strength, but None for Quality.

Four well-known Scarborough hotel proprietors were summoned yesterday for selling to a Food and Drug Act inspector "brandy not of the nature, substance, and quality demanded."

Mr. Baynes, public analyst of the East Riding, admitted that one sample was 44deg. stronger than required by law, and that the law laid down no purity standard, but after the "Lancet" Commission report public analysts had fixed the standard of ethers brandy should contain at 80 per cent, and the sample in question was deficient to the extent of 50 per cent.

All the cases were dismissed on the ground that the Government fixed no standard of purity.

CAUTIOUS KAISER.

It Is Suggested That He Aspires To Be "Protector of Islam."

The Kaiser, says Reuter, disembarked from the Hamburg at Port Mahon, Minorca, at half-past ten yesterday morning, and returned on board at noon, having been heartily cheered in the gaily decorated streets.

The Tangier correspondent of the Paris "Journal" says that the reason the Kaiser cut short his visit to Morocco was that too much was made in the intended speech of the Sultan's brother of the opportuneness of his visit at the precise moment, when Morocco was engaged in difficult negotiation with France.

At first he refused to land at all, but to avoid a moral defeat visited the German Legation only. Several Spanish newspapers say that the Kaiser's visit will bring about a consolidation of the Anglo-French entente.

The St. Petersburg Press thinks the Kaiser is seeking to establish a kind of Monroe doctrine, or German protection of Mussulmans.

Count Lonyay and his wife Stephanie, the daughter of the King of Belgium, intend to purchase a country seat in England for a permanent residence.

1d. OFF INCOME TAX.

Mr. Churchill Describes the Government as "Christian Scientists."

DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—In view of the Budget debate next Monday there is, of course, a good deal of interchange of opinions in the Lobby as to the manner in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to dispose of his surplus.

From inquiries I have made I still feel inclined to adhere to the forecast I made a week ago, that the reductions will provide for a penny being taken off the income-tax and twopence off the tea duty.

I may add that it will not be at all surprising if the surplus which Mr. Austen Chamberlain has at his disposal turns out to be considerably larger than that which has been forecasted in the public Press.

The House will probably rise on the 19th inst. for the Easter recess, and reassemble on Wednesday, May 3.

For nearly an hour yesterday afternoon Mr. Winston Churchill entertained the House of Commons to a speech of caustic brilliance upon the £1,000,000.

"There are people," he said, folding his arms and glancing at the partially-filled Treasury Bench, "who believe that, if, when they rise in the morning they say to themselves, 'Youth, health, vigour,' that at once acquire those qualities in abundance."

"The Prime Minister, for instance, is convinced that if a question is not before the country it is not before the country."

"Mr. Brodick, again, firmly believes that if he has six Army Corps there are six Army Corps."

WHAT FAITH DOES.

"Now his successor believes that if he only repeats with sufficient emphasis the assertion that this island cannot be invaded it cannot be invaded."

The Chaplain-General, he added, ought to preach an inspiring discourse on the application of the principles of Christian science to the problems of Imperial defence.

"Why," asked Mr. Churchill, "keep up a force of 250,000 Volunteers to repel invaders who, according to the Secretary of State for War, could not possibly arrive in larger numbers?"

In proof of the intense interest taken by his Majesty the King in the debate (says our Lobby correspondent) it is worth noting that in the absence of Mr. Balfour yesterday afternoon, Mr. Brodick took practically a long-hand note of the speeches, which was dispatched to Buckingham Palace at intervals during the afternoon.

It has become known in the Lobby that the King takes the keenest possible interest in the Army question, and that he is determined, if possible, to have legitimate complaints against the Army thoroughly dealt with at the earliest possible moment.

WHITE HOUSE TO LOG CABIN.

President Roosevelt Starts To Hunt Mountain Lions and Grizzly Bears.

President Roosevelt yesterday cast off the affairs of State, and left on an expedition, which will include wolf and bear hunting and the hard and picturesque life of his earlier years.

He left Washington by special train for San Antonio, Texas, to attend the reunion of his Roughrider Cavalry.

He will spend several days hunting wolves.

Then he will proceed to Colorado, where he will disappear from civilisation for more than a month to hunt the mountain lion, bear, and other big game.

The camping-party consists of five persons in addition to the President, who wants the rougher time that can be arranged, eating bear-steak and other Wild Western food.

CONDUCTED 80,000 FUNERALS.

The small estate value of £460 was left by the Rev. Simon Carter, Congregational minister of Aston, Birmingham, who conducted, during his thirty-six years as chaplain of Witton Cemetery, some 80,000 funeral services.

Previous to 1855 he was assistant to the Rev. Newman Hall in his mission work at Hull.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S ESCAPE.

A New York telegram says Mr. Rider Haggard, the novelist, who is on a Government mission in America, has had a narrow escape while travelling on the railway in Arizona.

A bridge on the track was destroyed, but fortunately his train was late and escaped.

THRONE OF SPAIN FOR BRITISH PRINCESS.

King Alfonso To Marry Princess Patricia of Connaught.

AUTHORITATIVE NEWS.

About a week ago the *Daily Mirror* announced that negotiations for a marriage were proceeding between the King of Spain and Princess Patricia of Connaught.

We are enabled to-day to authoritatively state that the arrangements for this interesting alliance have been satisfactorily completed.

It was generally thought that the match was settled a few weeks ago, when the Duke of Connaught paid the young King a visit at Madrid.

This belief has proved correct. King Edward's consent was obtained, and all that remained to be done was to obtain a special dispensation from the Pope, on account of the difference in religion of the King and the Princess.

VISIT TO THE VATICAN.

It was for this purpose that yesterday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught paid a visit to the Pope at the Vatican, and received his consent as head of the Church, and his blessing on the proposed union.

The *Daily Mirror* is informed on very high authority that one stipple was made.

Princess Patricia of Connaught will never be forced, or even asked, to change her religion. In this matter she will have perfect freedom; while any children of the marriage will be brought up, the sons according to the father's faith, and the daughters according to the belief of the English Church, of which, of course, Princess Patricia is a member.

It is thought probable that no official announcement will be made until nearer the time that King Alfonso is due to pay his visit to England, and it may possibly be delayed until after that event.

A POPULAR MATCH.

In the meantime the idea of the marriage has been warmly received both in this country as well as in Spain, where English people are very popular.

Princess Patricia of Connaught is the second daughter and youngest child of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and a niece of the King. She was born on St. Patrick's Day, 1885, and is two months younger than the King of Spain.

Her Royal Highness is pretty, popular, and accomplished, devoted to an outdoor life, and especially fond of travelling, so that this winter abroad has been a source of great satisfaction to her as well as to her sister, Princess Margaret, recently betrothed to Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Norway.

STRANGE GLOBE OF LIGHT.

French Port Perturbed by a Mysterious Gleaming Apparition.

How the good people of Cherbourg were amazed and startled by the appearance of an enormous luminous globe in the sky is related by a correspondent in the "Matin."

The globe appeared about a quarter past eight in the evening, and passed over the town, disappearing about eleven o'clock.

The dread rumour was spread that British cruisers had entered French waters, and were experimenting with signals by means of captive balloons.

With patriotic ardour the Maritime Prefect threw the rays of the town searchlights on the stranger, but no one knows even now whether it was a balloon or a meteor!

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Inmates of all Austrian State prisons are to be supplied with toothbrushes and dentifrice.

M. Henri Cot, of Canarès, who has just passed the French army medical examination, is over 7ft. 6in. high.

Lord Kelvin's condition continues to give every satisfaction. The King and Mr. Balfour have both inquired after the distinguished patient.

By travelling in his balloon Sylphe 625 miles in twenty hours, Comte de la Vaulx has secured the speed challenge cup of the French Aero Club.

Incendiaries have fired the woods of Santagata, near Cannobio, Italy, the whole mountain soon becoming a vast bonfire. The damage is £50,000.

Not a single regicide was re-elected to the controlling committee of the Servian "Zadruga," or association of officers of the army, at the delegates' meeting just held.

In addition to many sketch-books, Herr Menzel, the famous painter, left 5,000 loose drawings, valued at £50,000. His heirs have offered these for sale to the German National Gallery.

ARRESTS IN "MASK" MURDER CASE.

Girl's Dramatic Identification of One of Two Suspected Brothers.

DEFIANT PRISONERS.

A sensational sequel to the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Farrow at High-street, Deptford, last Monday week, was provided yesterday, when two young men were arrested and charged with the crime.

The accused men are brothers, Alfred and Albert Stratton by name, and their ages are given as twenty-two and twenty years respectively.

The story of the arrests was told at Greenwich Police Court, when the two youths appeared to answer the terrible charge.

Both were somewhat shabbily dressed, and wore dark grey mufflers in place of collar and tie. The younger brother is about 5ft. 6in. in height, and of sturdy appearance, while his brother is slighter in build.

Alfred Stratton was arrested on Sunday night at the King of Prussia public-house, in Albany-street, Deptford, by Detectives Beaves and Sanders, who were acting on information they had received.

When told that a charge of murder was made against him he said that he thought they wanted him on another charge. He was detained during the night at Blackheath Police Station.

The younger brother was arrested by Detective-inspector Harlstone at 9.40 yesterday morning. The detective was standing at the corner of High-street and Evelyn-street when he saw Albert Stratton walking along High-street.

Trembled and Turned Pale.

When accosted he admitted that his name was Stratton, and when informed of the charge against him trembled and turned pale, saying, "Is that all?"

Shortly before noon yesterday the two accused men were brought into the yard at Blackheath-road Police Station with fourteen other men for the purpose of identification.

Both the milkboy and milkman, who had seen two men leaving the shop on the morning when the murders were committed, failed to identify either of them.

But Alfred Stratton was at once picked out by a woman named Helen Stratton, one of the witnesses in the case.

They were then taken to the Greenwich Police Court. Detective-inspector Fox gave evidence of having seen Alfred Stratton in custody at the Blackheath-road Police Court at a quarter past eleven on Sunday night.

Charged with Wilful Murder.

"I told him who I was, and that he was charged with being concerned in the wilful murder of Mr. and Mrs. Farrow, and further with stealing between £12 and £14 of money."

"He said, 'What evidence have you against me?'"

"I replied, 'A milkman and his boy saw you together come out of a shop door in High-street, Deptford, at a quarter past seven on Monday morning, and a young woman who knows you saw you and another man run across to the top of Deptford High-street to Willesden-street.'"

"If you wish to say anything I do not want to prevent you doing so, but what you do say I shall have to tell the magistrate."

"The prisoner said, 'I was in bed until 9.15 in Parkmill-road.'"

Witness continuing said, "I have since seen this person (a woman whom the prisoner cited as a witness) and taken a statement from her which she has signed."

At the conclusion of the evidence, which both men heard with an air of defiant indifference, they were asked if they wished to say anything.

"No, sir," replied the elder brother, and a remand for eight days was ordered.

INQUEST ON SECOND VICTIM.

The inquest upon Mrs. Farrow, who died last Friday in Greenwich Hospital from the terrible injuries inflicted upon her, was opened yesterday at the Deptford Coroner's Court.

The same jury was summoned as had sat during the adjourned inquiry into the death of Mr. Farrow, and the evidence taken was of a formal kind.

The deceased was identified by her brother, Thomas Francis Callow, of Hornsey, who said that he had not seen her for twelve years.

Evidence as to the discovery of the crime having been given by Jones and Tidman, the shop assistants, the inquest was adjourned to April 19.

NO THAMES STEAMERS TILL JUNE.

Difficulties have arisen which will prevent the L.C.C. from starting its steamboat service on the Thames in the beginning of May, as arranged. The chief obstacle is the control of the piers. The Rivers Committee hope that the boats will be running early in June.

LEPER MISSIONARY.

Noble Self-Sacrifice Happily Does Not Entail a Hideous Death.

A missionary leper, from India, has just left the London School of Tropical Medicine at the Albert Docks, vastly better in health for the treatment he has received there during the past eight months.

He has gone abroad to live on a farm, cheerfully anticipating many happy years of life.

"There is no reason why he should not reach a ripe old age and die of influenza," said Dr. W. Oscar Pon, at the school yesterday to the *Daily Mirror*.

"At the age of forty-five the leper missionary is probably in as sound health as you or I, despite a few nodules on his ears and spots on his skin."

A leper was not necessarily a man who saw death daily staring him in the face. With careful observance of the laws of hygiene and liberal outdoor exercise, he might live very happily.

He had been accustomed while in London to walk two miles daily through the streets, though he was careful to avoid actual contact with anyone.

There was no need for him to avoid meat, or even wine, though spirits were not good for him. Leprosy nowadays, in fact, was not beyond medical treatment, if it could not be actually cured.

He contracted the disease by associating with the occupants of a special treatment he had himself erected, to diminish the risk of contagion to the people among whom victims had previously passed freely.

NOVEL BALL-ROOM IDEA.

Midnight Lancers in which Every Dancer Wore Roses.

Last night a very successful floral ball took place at the Empress Rooms, Kensington, in aid of the Nelson Widows' Relief Fund.

In the Rose Lancers, danced at twelve o'clock, all the members of each set wore bouquets or buttonholes of roses—red, white, pink, yellow, or crimson.

Some three hundred people were present, and a handsome contribution to the fund resulted.

Yesterday the shareholders of the Nelson Share Syndicate, Ltd., met before the Official Receiver to decide whether they wished the syndicate to be wound up.

The syndicate was originally formed for the purpose of acquiring shares in Nelson and Co., and, till the winding-up of that company, had no other business.

The result of the voting will not be made known till to-morrow, when the Official Receiver will present the figures to Mr. Justice Buckley.

Of 212 proxies sent in by shareholders 164 were in favour of continuing the syndicate.

NORTH SEA BILL.

Over £40,000 Knocked Off Original Claims of Hull Fishermen.

The claims of the Hull fishermen in connection with the North Sea affair amounted to £101,748. The actual amount assessed and paid, irrespective of law costs, was £57,942, the reductions therefore amounting to over £40,000.

According to the report of the Board of Trade Commissioners, the principal items were:—

Loss by death of relative	Claimed	Assessed
Loss of earnings	£10,000	£5,000
Loss of earnings and wages due to detention of ship from fishing ground (for repair, etc.)	362	122
Physical infirmity after exposure to unusual danger and loss of earning power, due to shock	1,110	1,110
Depreciation, loss of sale, loss of freight, loss of services of skipper killed, increased management expenses due to unprecedented nature of the incident	28,576	17,780

WHY THE VICAR TURNED.

A member of his congregation having protested against the Rev. J. H. Wrigley, vicar of Clitheroe, turning to the east and making obeisance, the vicar announced in church that he simply turned to see the number of the hymn on the board.

He went on to say that he wanted his congregation to remain calm and peaceful. He would watch the doors, and if he saw the Pope of Rome coming in he would take notice of it.

BAD BOY'S TOFFEE.

Sidney Cox, a precocious boy of eight, of Little Queen's-road, Teddington, was sentenced to three strokes of the birch yesterday for stealing a tin of toffee from a Kingston confectioner.

When caught he said: "I'll bet you a sovereign I haven't got anything."

Mr. Algernon Gilliat, of Stoke Poges, near Slough, has announced his intention of erecting and endowing a church at Slough.

KILLED BY A LION.

Wounded Animal Fells an Officer at One Blow.

TRAGIC SCENE.

The sad circumstances of the death in India of Major Carnegie, the popular Political Officer of the Viceroy, during a lion-hunt in the Gir Forest, makes a vivid story.

The hunt, stated the "Pioneer Mail," was organised by Lord Lamington, and the dead officer knew the district perhaps better than any other Britisher.

The Major went with the second party, his companions being Captain Foljambe and Mr. Du Boulay.

They first shot and wounded a lion and a lioness, which disappeared in the forest.

The huntersmen followed them on, and as they were going up a slope the lioness appeared, and was about to spring at a red-lizard shikari when Major Carnegie shot and brought her down.

Meanwhile the wounded lion had made good his escape.

"Slight Coughing Roar."

When the party had proceeded a mile there was suddenly a slight coughing roar to the left, and the lion appeared charging, it is thought, straight at the Major.

Captain Foljambe saw the lion and then saw a cloud of dust with forms struggling within it.

Mr. Du Boulay, hurrying across, saw moving forms, then a helmet lying on the ground, and then a "sahib" on the ground who had been seized by the lion.

He dashed straight up to the lion when he realised what had happened, and fired into the region of its heart at point-blank range.

It rolled back dead in an instant, but as it did so, a native with a gun fired a shot into the lion's hind-quarters, another with a clubbed rifle struck it on the head, and a third struck it on the head with a sword.

The courage of the natives was very marked.

Mr. Du Boulay spoke to Major Carnegie, but he did not answer, and the nature of his injuries left no doubt that death must have been instantaneous. The lion that killed him measured eleven feet to the tip of the tail, and was the biggest animal killed in the shoot.

LIFE ON 6d. A WEEK.

Postman Tells How His Children Starved on His Slender Wage.

A sigh of relief went up at the Old Bailey yesterday when the Recorder passed the merely nominal sentence of one day's imprisonment on the postman who stole 7s. and a letter, driven desperate by the thought of his hungry children at home.

His earnings as an auxiliary were 6s. a week, and it was stated that it was the practice of the Post Office never to employ an auxiliary unless he had other resources.

But De Main had represented that he was earning 18s. a week as a baker.

The court missionary stated that he could find the man employment at 25s. to 35s. a week.

"PHLEGMATIC NORTHMEN."

Mr. Evan Roberts Is Chilled by the Impassive Attitude of the Residents of Liverpool.

Mr. Evan Roberts, referring to the revival services he is conducting at Liverpool, professes that as yet he is chilled with the phlegmatic coolness of the northmen.

Enthusiasm is growing, however, and each night a thousand persons are turned away from the doors of the churches where services are being held.

The other night a large posse of Welsh-speaking policemen were unable to stem the torrent of people eager to gain admission to hear the young collier speak, and for a time something approaching panic prevailed.

Many converts have been made, and some of the responsible religious leaders of the city are of opinion that considerable good is being done.

DISAPPOINTED LEGATEE.

For sending postcards to the mayor, the chief constable, and other public men of Bolton, accusing the Rev. Dean Avelonk, rector of St. Edmund's Catholic Church, of misappropriation of trust funds, John Cirtch has been fined 25 shillings in two cases, with the alternative of five months' imprisonment.

Dean Avelonk, as executor of the will of Clinch's father, had a balance of 27 to divide between seven sons. He gave 21 to John Clinch, who was not satisfied with that sum.

The King, it is understood, will visit Manchester in July.

'GET-RICH-QUICK' VICTIMS

Widows and Curates Suffer Heavily Through Cotton Speculation.

Great excitement prevails in Liverpool over the disappearance of Alfred Stevens and Hernon Henderson, the principals of the firm of Messrs. Stevens and Henderson, who had offices in Liverpool, on the Continent, and in America.

The firm started about a year ago, announcing that they proposed to speculate in cotton for the benefit of investors, to whom they made promises of large dividends.

At first the dividends, which seldom dropped below twenty-five per cent., were sent out monthly, with a technical narrative illustrating the fluctuations of the cotton market, and all the time demanded for their commercial acumen was twenty-five per cent. of the net profits.

Men versed in the cotton market wondered how it could be done, but thousands of little speculators joined in the scramble for wealth.

Widows, clergymen, small shopkeepers, and working men, approached by agents all over the country, handed their savings to Messrs. Stevens and Henderson, but a few days ago it leaked out that the heads of the firm had gone to America.

Henderson cabled that Stevens had died, and a further message said the America office had been closed "and the principal had gone."

The young lady in charge of the Liverpool office put the matter, and about £25,000 received in letters, in the hands of the police, who have issued a warrant for the arrest of the two men.

It is estimated they received from small investors about £250,000, and money is still pouring in, and is being returned by the postal authorities.

MAYOR WITH A PICKAXE.

Another Link in the "Tramway King's" Scheme To Girdle London.

With a most business-like pickaxe Mr. H. C. Minnitt, the worshipful mayor of Kingston-on-Thames, yesterday made quite a perceptible dent in the middle of Kingston-road, New Malden, and started a regiment of navvies at work upon the new Surrey extension of the London United Electric Tramways Company.

Beside him stood Mr. J. Clifton Robinson, "the Tramway King," engineer and managing director of the company.

Mr. Robinson told the *Daily Mirror* that so many men were to be employed upon the work that the two miles of route between Merton and Kingston Bridge—the first across the Thames to bear a tramway service—would be crossed soon after Easter; and the whole of the Raynes Park and Surbiton lines would be finished this year.

Early next year it is hoped to connect the London United lines with the L.C.C.'s South London lines at Tooting.

"It will not be long," said Mr. Robinson, "before a man will be able to travel right round London in the same tramcar."

LUXURIOUS PAUPERS.

Afternoon Tea, Tobacco, and Bagatelle Table Provided by Guardians.

Determined to justify its local nickname, "The Paupers' Paradise," Camberwell Guardians will in future provide the women in the workhouse with materials for afternoon tea.

Parlours with window curtains, pictures, and arm-chairs will be the special accommodation for the aged and for able-bodied widows and deserted wives.

The men are to be provided with tobacco, and extra leave will be given, including the whole of Sundays, with the option of having dinner in the workhouse.

The clothing to be worn will not especially identify the wearers as paupers.

The guardians have also purchased a bagatelle board for the use of the inmates.

LADY'S BEQUEST OF A LIFEBOAT.

With the special proviso that a lifeboat is to be founded near Barmborough Castle, Northumberland, to be called the Forster Fawcett, the late Miss Thomasina E. Fawcett has bequeathed £2,000 to the National Lifeboat Institution.

Miss Fawcett's charitable bequests also include £3,000 to the R.S.P.C.A., £2,000 to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, £2,000 to the Home of Rest for Horses, £2,000 to the Brompton Consumption Hospital, and £2,000 to the Battersea Dogs' Home.

BIG JEWEL THEFT.

A daring burglary is reported from King's Cross. Thieves gained admittance to Messrs. Spiers and Ponds' refreshment rooms, and then bored a large hole through the wall to Messrs. Saqui and Lawrence's jewellery establishment adjoining.

The loss is considerable, and the only clue to the perpetrators consists of finger-marks on glass plates.

INTERRUPTED WOOLING.

Strange Story of a Clergyman's Deception of a Trusting Girl.

The strange story of a clergyman's downward career was told in the Old Bailey yesterday, when Charles Woodhouse Shepherd, forty-nine, a private tutor, pleaded guilty to obtaining £2 by false pretences from the Rev. James Bowden.

Shepherd is a well-connected man, who was at one time a lay reader, and then a curate of the Church of England.

While holding a curacy in Monmouthshire he paid attentions to one of the daughters of a well-known county family, concealing the fact that he was a married man.

He proposed marriage and was accepted. He ordered large quantities of valuable jewellery, to be bestowed as presents upon this lady, but pawned most of it instead.

This resulted in a charge of larceny as a bailee being preferred against him, and the fact that he had already been convicted was disclosed.

A sentence of three years was passed, and while serving this sentence in Exeter Gaol he met the Rev. Mr. Pitkin, who was now chaplain.

Mr. Pitkin took an interest in him, and endeavored to help him in every way after his release. Among other things he obtained him an allowance of fourteen shillings per week for some months, but caused it to be withdrawn on learning that the money was spent in drunkenness and immorality.

Shepherd's most recent exploit was to write a letter to the Rev. James Bowden, in which he used Mr. Pitkin's name to obtain £2 to help him on his way to Canada.

This money was sent, and subsequently Shepherd telegraphed for thirty shillings more.

This caused inquiry, which led to his arrest, and a sentence of fifteen months' imprisonment, which was passed on him yesterday.

J.P. AND THE BOATRACE.

Magistrate of Tender Years Finds Himself in Trouble.

The Marlborough-street magistrate will soon begin to regard the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race as a natural foe.

The great event was responsible for no fewer than ninety-two charges with which his Worship had to deal yesterday.

Of these the most interesting was that brought against Archibald Charles Gibson Craig, who, although he is only twenty-one years of age, is a justice of the peace for Midlothian.

With J. B. Pennyman, of Ormesby Hall, York, he was accused of drunken and disorderly conduct in Leicester-square.

Their companion, Arthur Holden Lowe, undergraduate, living at Queen's-gate, S.W., appeared with them for trying to rescue Craig from custody.

Craig's face when he appeared in court was a study in plaster effects, and the police version was that he and Pennyman were attempting to force their way into the Empire.

Craig said that he was assisting an intoxicated man out of that music-hall when an attendant threw him on his face.

The case against Lowe was dismissed, and Pennyman and Craig were discharged, the youthful magistrate being bound over to be of good behaviour for six months, and ordered to pay the doctor's fee of 15s.

MURDER BY MISTAKE.

Man Kicked to Death Through Assailant's Misunderstanding.

With bloodshot eyes and haggard face, James Rice, a Fulham labourer, appeared yesterday at the West London Police Court to confront a charge of kicking Robert Tomlin to death on Saturday night.

The case of the police, as put forward in evidence, is that Rice, thinking Tomlin was another man against whom he had a grudge, attacked him so violently that the poor young fellow died within three hours of his admission to the Fulham Infirmary.

The chief witness of the affair was Ivy Kirby, an interesting looking young girl, and, whilst giving formal evidence, she seemed to be utterly overwhelmed and unstrung by what she had seen.

Rice refused to question the witnesses, but said he wished to call several persons who would prove an alibi. A week's remand was granted.

PUPIL OF DEADWOOD DICK.

With his pockets full of "Deadwood Dick" literature, William Holyday, aged fourteen, slid down the coal-shoot into a cellar at Beckenham. He was caught in the act of marching off with 7s. from the automatic gas-meter, and was handed over to his father for corporal punishment.

SIR CHARLES HARTOPP GETS HIS DIVORCE

Painful Story of Earl Cowley and Lady Hartopp Once More Before the Court.

DETECTIVES' REMARKABLE EVIDENCE.

That unhappy marriage which led in November, 1902, to the smart set divorce sensation known as the "Hartopp case" has at last been dissolved.

Sir Charles Edward Cradock Hartopp was yesterday granted by the president of the Divorce Court a decree nisi against his wife, Millicent Florence Eleanor, Lady Hartopp, and costs against the earl co-respondent, Henry Arthur Mornington Wellesley, Earl Cowley.

No defence was offered yesterday to Sir Charles's accusations.

What happened was very different from what occurred in 1902.

On that occasion a counter petition was filed, and there was a fight which lasted three weeks—to end fruitlessly in both petitions being dismissed.

Yesterday the case occupied but an hour of the

manner. During the next year her husband made a discovery explaining her refusal. He found that both his wife and the earl had been in town at a time when members of the "smart set" are usually far away. In the autumn Lady Hartopp stayed at her father's house in Grosvenor-square, the Wilson family being away, and the earl was also in London.

So Sir Charles Hartopp set detectives to work, who watched both the house in Grosvenor-square and Lord Cowley's house in South Audley-street, when the next autumn came round.

Detectives' Vigil.

On the night of October 5 the men watching outside Lord Cowley's house—the house was "closed," that is to say, there were only one or two servants in charge—made the following notes.

Lady Hartopp drove up in a cab shortly after 11 p.m., and was let into the house, being evidently expected. A few minutes later Earl Cowley walked up. Lady Hartopp, who was staying at her father's "closed" house in Grosvenor-square, drove home after midnight.

Similar observations were made on succeeding nights. The detectives watched the South Audley-street house, which was usually in darkness save for lights in the caretaker's quarters, and marked the comings and goings of Lord Cowley and Lady Hartopp. The former usually left his motor-brougham some distance from the house—to avoid being noticed, the watchmen surmised.

An exciting incident of the shadowing was described in the witness-box by one of the detectives. This man once said to the Earl: "It is all right,



SIR CHARLES HARTOPP.

Court's time, and then the president said: "The facts are plain, there will be a decree."

The task of Mr. Duke, K.C., counsel for Sir Charles Hartopp, was simple. He had merely to prove the case formally.

Fresh evidence, of course, had to be called, and before Mr. Duke proceeded to tell this new story he recalled the circumstances of the previous case. How Lady Hartopp, the daughter of Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P., of Warton Priory, had disagreed with her husband about what friends she should be allowed to have to the opposite sex. How she had retired in duce to a hunting-lodge at Gaddesby, near Melton Mowbray. How she was visited here after hunting, by Lord Cowley, who had a place in the neighbourhood. How Lord Cowley was regarded by servants as the "master" of Lady Hartopp's cottage. How, finally, Sir Charles Hartopp, failing to prove his case, after stating that his wife had offered him £20,000 to allow her to divorce him, had to pay several thousand pounds costs to the earl's representatives.

Mr. Duke's new story began with a remarkable incident. After the Hartopp action, he said, Sir Charles Hartopp wrote to his wife, and made her an offer "to let bygones be bygones." "Let us accept the verdict of the jury," the baronet had written.

But Lady Hartopp refused in a peremptory

LADY VIOLET BEAUCHAMP.

New Trial of Libel Action Arising Out of Divorce Suit.

Echoes of the Beauchamp-Watt divorce suit are still heard in the Law Courts.

Yesterday affairs arising out of the case reached the House of Lords itself, where the Lord Chancellor, Lord Davey, and Lord Robertson frankly held that the Court of Appeal was wrong.

The first Mrs. Watt was awarded by the High Court £5,000 damages against the present Mrs. Watt (who was once Lady Violet Beauchamp) because the latter in a letter described her "as a real devil and criminal in human form."

The Court of Appeal reduced the damages to £1,000, but the House of Lords now say they had no power to assess the damages awarded by a jury, and have ordered a new trial.

The seventh day of the sale of the John Scott Library produced about £1,400, bringing the total up to about £14,500.



LADY HARTOPP.

Lord Cowley, you are known." The Earl then jumped out of the cab he was in, and rushed at the detective, remarking, "I will give you something." The detective escaped, and the Earl went into his club.

Sir Charles Hartopp's evidence lasted a very little while. He was just long enough in the witness-box to allow the audience—it was a very different audience from that of two and a half years ago—to notice that he was as smartly dressed and debonair as ever. He told the Court how he had tried to effect a reconciliation.

Besides Sir Charles no other "celebrities" of the "Hartopp case" were in court.

INSULTING THE KING.

Street Preacher Who Was Roughly Handled by a Crowd.

With a Bible in his hand, George Mickleburgh, a street preacher, appeared before the North London Bench charged with using insulting words.

The evidence showed that he had referred to the King in an insulting way, which resulted in his being knocked off, and the police interfering to save him from worse damage.

Mr. Fordham: "I have no doubt that you are a very kindly man, and, according to your own lights, a very good man."

Mickleburgh (touching his Bible): This is the only light.

After expressing a wish for an inquiry into the Unitarian doctrine the prisoner was bound over.

At the Mansion House yesterday Herbert Eldridge, an estate agent, was committed for trial upon a charge of obtaining £1,700 by means of alleged false representations as to a partnership. The defendant was allowed bail.

RIVER A MASS OF FLAME.

Rick of Permitting Petroleum Ships To Enter London Port.

What Sir John McDougall described as the most important question the Thames Conservancy Board had ever discussed came before that body yesterday in the form of an application by the Anglo-American Oil Company for permission for its ships to be allowed to discharge petroleum at the wharf at Purfleet.

Sir John said he shuddered to think what might occur if an accident happened on a vessel of 6,000 tons full of petroleum in the narrow part of the river. If such a vessel were sunk there would be thousands of tons of spirit floating up and down the surface of the river. There had been three serious explosions in the main sewers through petroleum being discharged into them.

The Lower River Committee had recommended that the Board of Trade should be asked to hold a public inquiry into the whole question of the conveyance of low-test petroleum into the Port of London. They had consulted the War Office, in view of the presence near Purfleet of Government magazines, and had been advised that, with certain restrictions, the permission asked might be given.

Mr. W. Cooper, however, strenuously opposed the matter being referred to the Board of Trade. They should conduct the inquiry themselves. An explosion on board such a ship would mean that the whole river would be a mass of flame almost instantaneously.

At present petroleum cargoes are discharged into lighters and brought up the river piecemeal, which the Anglo-American Company contend is more dangerous than what they propose.

The Conservators were unwilling to unnecessarily restrict in any way this new trade so closely concerned in the motor industry, but an amendment was finally adopted, by a small majority, refusing the application, and referring the whole question of the conveyance of low-test petroleum to the Lower River Committee for full inquiry.

CLOTHED IN MONEY.

Man Who Carried About £250 Stitched in His Garments.

A man who goes about the world with nearly £250 in coin stitched in various parts of his clothing must have great faith either in human nature or his own vigilance.

Yet such a personage has just come under the notice of the Nottingham police.

An elderly labouring man was arrested on suspicion of being a pickpocket.

The charge proved to be quite unfounded, but the police, in searching the man, found he had stitched in his clothing a sum of £235 13s. 8½d.

There was £68 10s. in gold, £153 3s. 6d. in silver, and 24d. in copper, and when put on the scales the money was found to weigh exactly 40lb.

The police were fully satisfied that the money had been honestly saved, and the man stated that he had been amassing the amount for fourteen years.

He usually slept at common lodging-houses, and the wonder is that the man has never been robbed.

The police are trying to persuade the man to put the money in a bank.

RACKED BY CONSCIENCE.

London Man Accuses Himself of Burying a Woman in a Jamaica Swamp.

"I wish to give myself into custody for the murder of a woman in Jamaica in 1894 by pushing her in the river. I cannot rest, and, if I do not give myself up, I shall cut my throat."

With this remarkable confession, William Richardson, twenty-nine, a blind-maker, of White-chapel-road, surrendered himself to P.C. Hall in Mayes-road, Wood Green, on Friday morning.

At the police station he stated he was a native of Jamaica.

When out shooting on his father's estate, at Tabala in Mer, he saw the woman, Elizabeth Pollock, picking watercress from a swamp, and because she had called his mother bad names, he pushed her in.

He then fled the country, and had occupied several situations in England, including that of a mortuary attendant.

At Enfield Police Court yesterday he was remanded for inquiries into the state of his mind.

AFTER FOUR YEARS' FREEDOM.

Frank Harrison, alias Walter Larking, a clerk who had evaded arrest since 1901, when he stole £111 from a firm of solicitors, was charged at the Old Bailey yesterday with stealing a considerable sum of money belonging to a firm of Lewisham estate agents.

A sentence of fifteen months' hard labour was passed.

"LESSER COLUMBUS" AND STAR.

Hopes That Were Fanned by
Promises, but Shattered.

CURIOUS VERDICT.

Miss Blanche Scott, the concert star, looked very dainty in a heliochrome costume and a large black hat when she appeared at Westminster County Court yesterday to give evidence in the suit brought against her mother by Stage Productions, Ltd.

Mr. Laurence Cowen, "Lesser Columbus," is the manager of the company, which claimed £50, the balance of an agreed amount of £100 for arranging a Queen's Hall concert for Miss Scott.

Miss Scott, who sang as "Blanche Esmond," said she was attracted by the assertion of the company that it was the largest concert agency in the world. She had been told that her voice was worth £500 a year, that the whole Press would praise it, and that she would clear £100 from the concert. But none of these promises had materialised.

Princess Christian had been secured as patroness of the Queen's Hall affair, but Mrs. Scott was confident that £75 was not paid by the company for concert expenses—she thought about £25. She was sure all the money she had paid was obtained from her by false pretences.

A little later Mrs. Scott said to the Judge: "I think I was led astray, don't you, your Honour?" "You must not cross-examine me, Mrs. Scott," was the reply.

Mme. Ghita Corri, formerly of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, said she signed a contract with the Stage Productions Company making them her sole agents for three years.

Then she added sadly: "They have been incapable of doing anything, and have kept me from doing anything for six months."

After an hour's deliberation, the jury returned a verdict for the company for £50, but awarded £50 to Mrs. Scott on her counter-claim.

Judge Woodfall said the verdict was against the weight of evidence, and granted a new trial.

SOLD WITHIN AN HOUR.

Part II. of the Great Encyclopædia Will Be
Ready To-day.

This morning sees the publication of the second fortnightly part of the most popular book ever issued from the press, and complete preparations have been made to meet the extraordinary demand on the part of the public for "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia."

A fortnight ago to-day Part I. was published, and the entire edition—a phenomenally large one—was sold within an hour of publication. A second equally large edition was at once prepared, and is now almost exhausted, though a few copies may still be obtained by early applicants.

There is only one way of making sure of the greatest bargain ever offered to the public, and that is by placing an order with the newsgather for the regular delivery of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia."

The second part—price sevenpence—includes in its 1,200 articles several of exceptional interest at the present moment.

The 160 pages contained in Part II. are profusely illustrated with maps, photographs, and sketches, while all the articles are the latest work of 500 specialists engaged in the preparation of the Encyclopædia.

One halfpenny per day, or sevenpence per fortnight, secures an educational work which is indispensable to every man, woman, and child in the English-speaking world.

EXILE A BLESSING.

Albionians who are exiled in Asia Minor to expiate the misdeeds of their chiefs live in a land of luxury where scores of their countrymen are eager to succeed them.

Each month (says Reuter) they receive £5, and as fowls cost only twopenny and eggs are ten for a penny these bold mountaineers live on the fat of the land and save money.

PART II. READY.

THE HARMSWORTH ENCYCLOPÆDIA

The Most Up-to-Date
Book in the World.

Price 7d. Complete in 40 Parts.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

At Bradford, North Devon, two lambs have been born to a five-legged ewe.

"Drink less and think more," said Mr. R. Bell, M.P., to a mass meeting of workmen at St. Helens, Lancs.

During twelve months 123 persons who fell in front of Liverpool trains were saved by the plough-guards. In three cases bones were broken.

Formerly in the service of Miss Florence Nightingale as page boy, Mr. John Thompson, a quarry proprietor, has died at Barnard Castle.

A young whale, about 12ft. in length and weighing 50st., was found on the river bank at Naburn, near York, on Saturday. It had two bullet wounds.

Mr. Chamberlain, who has completely recovered from his indisposition, presided at a meeting of the Imperial Tariff Reform Committee at Birmingham yesterday.

Few of the Festiniog (Wales) quarrymen have ever had a bath in their lives, reports the medical officer. The town council will now take a poll on the proposal to erect public baths.

The Gaelic Society in New York is sending hundreds of letters to various parts of the British Empire addressed in Gaelic to test their delivery under the Postal Union regulations.

An Alnwick coal-dealer was pelted with rotten eggs while giving a gramophone entertainment in a charitable cause. He was protected by the police, and several of his persecutors were fined.

If there is anything in names, tempestuous weather should be in store for the ss. Breeze, whose captain's name is Gale, and which is berthed opposite the ss. Hurricane at Harrington (Cumberland) Harbour.

Mr. Alfred Beit has sent a donation of £4,000 towards the £100,000 required by Guy's Hospital.

The Darlington Tramways Committee, faced with a loss on the takings, propose to abolish halfpenny fares.

At the Parish Church at Downham, Lancs., on Sunday the congregation numbered eight, six being children and one the vicar's housekeeper.

For more than three weeks John Morris, clerk, of West Bromwich, has lain unconscious as the result of a cycle accident at Great Barr, on March 12.

Parents of children attending elementary schools in Liverpool are, states the "Liverpool Post," clothing the more needy of the children in the five-day industrial schools.

The first batch of an exodus which is likely, say the emigration officials, to beat the record of Irish emigration in recent years, 1,040 Irish emigrants have landed in New York.

A salmon weighing 41lb. has been landed from the River Garry, Inverness, by Captain Amory, the Duke of Portland's private secretary. This is the "record" catch of the present season, so far.

William Stinchcombe, a farmer of Goytre, near Pontypool, refuses to pay his rates unless the road repairers are regularly employed. He claims that casual labour upsets the local labour market, and the farmers suffer in consequence.

The young daughter of Mr. Mackenzie, of Scatwell, Muir of Ord, Ross, has captured, single-handed, a golden eagle, which was caught by the claws in a vermin-trap in the woods. The bird almost managed to fly away with the trap, but Miss Mackenzie secured it.

COUNTY-COURT SEQUEL TO A CONCERT.



Miss Blanche Scott, who sang at a Queen's Hall concert arranged by the Stage Productions Co., Ltd.



Mr. Laurence Cowen, "Lesser Columbus," manager of the Stage Productions Co., Ltd.

The Lanely Council now meets at the unusually early hour—for a public body—of 9.30 a.m.

On successive days the Eskdale Foxhounds (Cumberland) killed two foxes which were found sleeping in trees.

A cinema-matinee entertainment was given in a Liverpool Wesleyan Church on Saturday, the pictures illustrating a trip through India.

A small cutter yacht which left Newhaven ten days ago for Portsmouth, in charge of Mr. Wilkinson, late of Lord Dunsany's yacht Valkyrie, and two other men, is missing.

Passive resistance to the Parliamentary levy of the Miners' Federation has been declared by a collier at Dowlais, Glamorgan, who refuses to pay because he has not got a vote.

The lord of the manor at Filey (Yorkshire) has aroused great indignation by cutting away great quantities of stone from Filey Brig, one of Yorkshire's finest headlands, for road-making purposes.

With the object of maintaining and strengthening the entente cordiale Mrs. Barrow, widow of a Liverpool shipowner, recently gave £10,000 to found a Chair of French in the Liverpool University.

The facings of the Norfolk Regiment have been changed from white to yellow. The other infantry regiments with yellow facings are the Suffolk, Hampshire, and Middlesex Regiments, and the Gordon and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

The Free Church Council have informed the authorities at Denbigh that they disapprove of the annual May Day festivities held in the town, and that if these are not discontinued they will provide counter attractions. The Mayor of Denbigh has asked the Free Church Council to send a deputation to discuss the matter.

For setting fire to an old oak in Richmond Park, Arthur Hammond, pastrycook, of Bloomsbury, was yesterday fined £8.

The consumption in the United Kingdom of bananas during the winter just ended was double that of any previous season.

"A seller of violets must be modest," said Mr. Chapman at the Tower Bridge Court, discharging a violet seller charged with causing an obstruction.

Mr. Richard Peyton, who gave £10,000 to found the Chair of Music, accepted by Sir Edward Elgar, at Birmingham University, has given £500 towards forming a library of musical works.

Councillor R. Jones Roberts, of Bangor, is personally engaged in planting trees along a new road at Garth leading to the railway station. Mr. Roberts is a solicitor, and an enthusiastic tree-lover.

"It's only 5s. on a horse at 4 to 1. It will only cost a sovereign," said a bookmaker's clerk charged with defrauding the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company. But a Leeds magistrate, taking a different view of the odds, fined him 40s. and costs.

"It (a poker) was not meant for the boy, it was meant for you," exclaimed an angry mother, charged with cruelty to children at Clester Moor (Cumberland), to a minister in the witness-box who described a visit to her house when the missile was thrown.

From a "Personal" column in one of the morning papers:—"The lady who plays the piano, and sings, in Seven Sisters-road from early morn till late at night please think of her neighbours? They are all heartily sick of 'The Orchid' and 'Down the Vale.' By obliging in this matter she will obviate the necessity for unpleasant proceedings.—Neighbours."

PHOTOGRAPHING THE POPE.

A London Photographer Secures
Splendid Portrait of His
Holiness.

OTHER PICTURES.

The photograph of Pope Pius X., which appears on page 1, is of particular interest, for it shows—Holiness in the act of giving his blessing, and is the result of a visit paid to Rome by a London photographer at the express desire of the Sovereign of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Pope had seen some photographs taken by Mr. Histed, and admired them so much that Mr. Histed was invited to Rome.

Every possible opportunity was given him. He chose one from among the great number of splendid apartments in the Vatican as a studio, and the Pope came for the sitting at half-past eight in the morning.

During the sitting his Holiness smiled, and the photographer said, "Oh, if he would only keep that pleasant expression for a moment." This remark, translated to the Pope, made him roar with laughter.

THE POPE'S BLESSING.

"Too bad, too bad," he said; "don't I always look pleasant?"

Finally Mr. Histed asked to be allowed to take a photograph of his Holiness in the act of conferring a blessing, and his wish was granted, the result of it appearing on the front page of to-day's *Daily Mirror*.

"But when I made the request," says Mr. Histed, "the most marvellous change came over him; the man vanished, and the Pope, the great Father of his people, appeared. His face wore a look of such wonderful love and power as I never could have believed possible in a human being. "I gazed after him with awe as he glided silently from the room. I had indeed seen the Pope himself."

SHIPS THAT COST MILLIONS.

The poster that appears in our illustration on page 8 should appeal forcibly to the British taxpayer, for the seventeen ships which are to be sold at practically scrap-iron prices, at Chatham to-day, cost the nation over three million pounds when they were built about fifteen years ago.

The Warspite cost £653,072 by the time she was completed in 1888, the Severn £254,924, the Galatea £291,803, the Australia £299,027, the Arcturion £189,340, and so on down to the Renard, which cost the comparatively insignificant sum of £56,035. All were reckoned fine fighting ships when they were built, but so quickly do things move nowadays that they would be death-traps for the men sent to battle against modern ships in them, and hence they are being sold by the Admiralty.

JU-JITSU FOR WOMEN.

One of the most remarkable developments of the growing craze for athletics among women is the vogue which ju-jitsu, the Japanese art of rendering an opponent helpless, has obtained among the fair sex. It is somewhat difficult to see why a woman should cultivate this form of wrestling.

It can hardly be classed among those many forms of exercise which are graceful and particularly suited to feminine development, and the only use which one can find for the ladies of to-day making of ju-jitsu is in subduing some unhappy and not too obedient husband.

But the skill of some of the ladies is not to be doubted, and, as our photograph on page 8 shows, they are capable of using holds which would reduce the untrained man to insensibility.

PHOTOGRAPHING WAR.

The skill with which the Japanese artillery are working in the Far East is indicated by the care with which they have taken up the positions shown in the photograph on page 9. Having taken advantage of the slight depression in the ground, they are to some extent sheltered from the Russian fire, while able to direct the utmost damage upon the enemy. Such photographs, taken, as they are, at great risk to the photographer, give a more clear idea of the way in which modern battles are fought than pages of printed description.

SEVEN DAYS OF LAW.

Mrs. Bullivant Refused Divorce, but Granted
a Judicial Separation.

After a hearing of seven days the Bullivant divorce action was concluded yesterday.

The special jury held that there had been no misconduct between Dr. Bullivant and Mrs. Athorp, nor had Mrs. Bullivant been guilty of infidelity with the late Dr. Robinson.

They found, however, that the charges of cruelty against Dr. Bullivant had been proved, and his lordship granted Mrs. Bullivant a judicial separation with the custody of the children.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1905

AN INTOLERANT AGE.

WHAT makes people so intolerant nowadays? Is it nerves? They seem always ready to break out into denunciation. Anything they do not personally care for is anathema. No words can be too bad for it.

We have had various instances lately of religious teachers thundering against quite harmless amusements—dancing, bridge, smoking, theatre-going, and so forth. But the epidemic is not by any means confined to them. Professional philosophers are quite as much given to this offensive form of intolerance as professional preachers.

Mr. Frederic Harrison is a man who has spent his life seeking wisdom. Gifted by Providence and his parents with a competence, he has been able to devote all his time to the search. Yet here he is in his old age, which should be a time of mellow, genial quiescence, roaring abuse at the majority of his fellows just because they happen to have tastes he does not share.

The other day he denounced smokers as "filthy, degraded creatures, unworthy to be called gentlemen." Now he has been talking in the same strain about card-players. Their pastime, he says, is a "debilitating form of folly," which "poisons society, desolates homes, and corrupts women," and so on for a whole column.

For philosophers to descend to mere Billingsgate, and instead of arguing, to foam incoherently at the mouth, is deplorable. "Sweetness and light" should be their motto. They will never convince anybody by throwing stones.

WHAT IS LANGUAGE FOR?

The Irishmen who want to persuade the world that Gaelic is a living language are very persistent. Their latest idea is to post a couple of hundred letters addressed in Gaelic from America to Britain; and, if they are not delivered, to try and get up a diplomatic difficulty.

There seems no reason whatever why the British Post Office should deliver letters with Gaelic addresses any more than it would if they were addressed in Ngamiland language or Chinese. The Post Office regulations are drawn up on such a slipshod plan that nothing is said, so far as we can discover, about the limits of the Postmaster-General's implied contract with senders of letters. But there must be limits.

The whole agitation strikes most people as being rather childish. Language is a means of communication between man and man; the language which enables its possessor to talk to the greatest number of people is the most useful for every-day purposes. The advocates of Gaelic lose sight of this view. They regard it chiefly as a means of keeping Irish nationality alive (as if there were any danger of its dying out), and also as a useful stick to beat a British Government with.

If they merely proposed to teach Irish children Gaelic as well as English, there would be no reason to thwart them, unless the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children thought fit to step in. But when they want to substitute an ancient tongue, only known to a few scholars, for one which is spoken by millions of people all over the world, they must be told plainly they have lost their sense of proportion.

Imagine the state of a man who only knew Gaelic. He would be cut off from intercourse with the world. Even in his own country he would only be able to converse with the few. Outside it he would be deaf and dumb, a drifting derelict, a freak.

Irishmen often complain that they are not taken seriously enough. How is it possible to treat seriously the people who are at the back of such an absurd agitation as this?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No most gifted eye can exhaust the significance of any object. In the commonest human face there lies more than Raphael will take away from him.—*Carlyle*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

IF there is one person more than another who knows how to take a thorough holiday, it is President Roosevelt. He has started on a two months' disappearance from civilisation. First he goes to his ranch in Texas, where he will hold a reunion of his rough-riders—the men he led at Kettle Hill and Santiago—and they will pass their time with rifle-shooting, lariat-throwing, bronco-busting, and other gentle amusements of the kind in which the heart of the strenuous President delights. Then comes a little shooting of timber wolves and jack rabbits. But that is only the beginning, a sort of "getting his hand in" for the real business of his holiday.

From Texas he goes to Colorado. All that is definitely known is the spot at which he will leave

his private train. When he has done so he disappears into the wilderness. The arrangements have been kept perfectly private, and though his secretary on board the train will know in what direction to search for him if he should be urgently wanted, nobody else will have any idea of his whereabouts. In company with one personal friend, two guides, a cook, and a camp-servant, he will rough it completely, living under the stars on salt pork and the products of their guns and rifles. Grizzlies and black and cinnamon bears are their avowed game, and the country they have chosen is plentifully stocked with them. Added to which, the slayer of a bear in Colorado is looked upon as a public benefactor.

With the simple little statement, "I want rest," Mme. Nordica has announced that she is about to

retire from the operatic stage. She deserves her rest, for she has worked hard and her life has not been an easy one, while her married life has brought her much unhappiness; but it is sad news for music-lovers. She will be able to live the simple life she loves so well, and for which she has often escaped to the wilds of the Blue Forest. There she makes friends with all the pagans and the animals, for they especially are her pets.

It was one of her pets—a small dog called Mime—that gave her a very unhappy half-hour. It was on board train in America. The little beast escaped from Mme. Nordica's private car and went exploring along the train. There he found an old gentleman, an invalid, who suffered from insomnia. By his side was his medicine, which Mme. Nordica brought with her to his mistress. Shortly afterwards Mme. Nordica was in terrible distress, for Mime was obviously dying. However, it all came right in the end. Mime had taken the invalid's sleeping-draught, and after a long, deep sleep he was none the worse.

Nearly everybody supposes that Lord Kelvin, whose illness has made us all so anxious, is a Scotsman. He holds a life-long appointment at Glasgow University. He took a Scottish title. He lives in Scotland. He even has something of a Scottish accent. Yet he was actually born in Belfast, and his parents, though Scottish by far-off descent, were Irish on both sides. He first became known to the world as an inventor in connection with the Atlantic telegraph.

Everybody likes Lord Kelvin for his charming, natural manner without any trace of conceit or of consciousness that he is a great man. He is even popular among the students of his class at Glasgow, although he has a knack of catching them out unexpectedly. Once a marble was purposely dropped during one of his lectures in order to create a diversion. It rolled down the steps of the lecture-theatre—tap, tap, tap, on each, until it got to the floor. When it stopped Lord Kelvin looked up and named the offender. He had counted seven taps, then counted up seven steps, and spotted the culprit at once!

Nothing could be more appropriate than that Mr. Henker Heaton, M.P., should be the first person to make use of the new penny post to Australia, for he has done as much as anyone to secure postal reform. There is an interesting story which he often tells, since it was the cause of his persistent attacks on the Post Office. Two M.P.s were in a village post-office when an old woman came in to post a letter to her only son in Australia. When she heard that the charge was sixpence she went tearfully away, for she could not afford so much. If it had only been a penny she could have managed it, but she needed at least fivepence for bread and tea.

One of the M.P.s followed her and posted her letter for her. The end of the story came three months later. The M.P. was once more in the post-office and was told by the postmistress that the poor old woman's letter had had a most satisfactory result. She had received a letter from her son enclosing a big cheque and an invitation for her to join him. He was only waiting to send the passage money till he heard whether she was willing to go out. That was why Mr. Heaton is so anxious to see penny postage to the Colonies.

The English love of the boxing-ring is not what it was, but the Englishman has still a very warm corner in his heart for the great English boxers whose names have been household words the world over. The news that Jim Mace is to appear again in the ring this evening, at the age of twenty-four, is creating quite a small excitement. To look at him one would never imagine that Mace has been a pugilist all his life. Except for his much-damaged knuckles, he bears hardly any signs of his many fights.

Some idea of what he has done in the boxing-ring can be gathered from the fact that he holds six championship belts of the world, and other prizes and belts valued at over £3,000, which he has won in all parts of the world. The life seems to have agreed with him; for, as he says himself: "I was born a natural fighter; never tasted a drop of drink until I was thirty, and still feel a young man." He has not given up his travels yet, and was in South Africa quite recently. Just now he is hard at work on a book: "The Art of Boxing."

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 3.—The changeable weather we experienced last winter was very trying to the wallflowers. In many gardens they will not be up to their usual standard of beauty this year. Except in warm places, wallflowers should be thrown away after they have done flowering, as old roots produce very inferior blossoms.

Many stately biennials are now out. They must be tied to neat little stakes at once, for, although sturdy-looking now, they will grow much taller before their flowers fade.

To-day the primroses are a glorious sight. It is curious to notice that plants which have not been flowerless since last November have the finest show of blooms now.

E. F. T.

AN ADVERTISEMENTS REGULATION BILL AT LAST!



Lord Balfour of Burleigh is introducing in the House of Lords a Bill to prevent advertisements from injuring the beauty of our outdoor life. Not before it was wanted!

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir Frederick Treves.

HE is the man who operated on the Prince of Wales yesterday, for though he has retired from general practice now, he still attends on the Royal Family.

He retired from practice because he was really tired of taking out an appendix every morning. He removed over 1,000 altogether. He performed an operation as regularly as he had his breakfast, and far more regularly than he had his lunch, for he often had to lunch in his carriage as he went his round of visits.

Even when he had to operate on King Edward he told him he would pay £10,000 to escape, but that was not because the operation lacked excitement, but the reverse. He is always outspoken, which is one reason why he is such a friend of the King's. It is not long ago that he startled the medical profession by saying that it was no place for geniuses, and that the proper place for people who suffered from that "uncalculated nervous disease" was the Egyptian Hall.

In appearance he is reminiscent of President Roosevelt, though he is somewhat taller and older-looking, and though his hair is thinner and his curly moustache greyer.

Keen, bright, kindly eyes look at you through gold-rimmed glasses, as they do in the case of Mr. Roosevelt. The face has the same rugged force. His general manner has the same air of physical health and strength. His cheery, hearty manner has brought comfort to many a patient.

He is happiest in the open air, when sailing his yacht in a gale, or when hauling aboard a heavy sea fish on the end of a line.

He has written an excellent book on his travels, to which there is an index, but naturally no appendix.

A PAVEMENT STUDY.

Two Sides of the Railing.

THE bright spring sun shines gaily down upon St. James's Park. Every detail shows with the brilliance of the summer's birth. Grass and water, trees, and shrubs take on a new being in the sun.

Inside the high iron railings of Wellington Barracks all is activity and movement. Men in white jackets and with rifles in their hands are bustling about the doors. Suddenly a bugle rings out.

For a moment there is seeming confusion, but in what can be but a second or two it has given place to order. Ranks of motionless men are drawn up across the great gravelled drill ground.

A few sharp words from the non-commissioned officers. A shuffle here and there in the ranks. Another command, and the men "number off" briskly, their calls ringing out like distant shots.

Fine, healthy-looking fellows they are, the Guards; every man upright, hollow in the back, deep in the chest. Knees are drawn back, chins are well up, eyes are bright, faces are well-tanned by the open air, cheeks are clear with the glow of health and red blood.

Outside the railing is a detachment of another army. A squad of the great regiment of loafers is looking on at what they might be.

They are a very different set of men, if men they can be called. Clothes hang on their shrunken forms in rags. There is no smile on their faces as there is on the faces of the Guards in the ranks. The loafers do not stand upright and free of support like the men inside. Nor does he wear that glow of health. Sunken, white cheeks and leaden, red-rimmed eyes are in every face. Every head hangs down, each pair of shoulders is clumsily hunched as high as possible.

But six months inside the railings and they might be as the upright, white-jacketed Guards.

INTERESTING NEWS PICTURES.

BEAR AS NAVAL RECRUIT.



Minnie, the pet bear of H.M.S. Excellent, which has just been entered on the ship's books as a "first-class seaman gunner."

GERMAN EMPEROR AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.



The German Emperor and Queen Amelie of Portugal driving from the Palace at Cintra during the former's recent visit to the Portuguese capital.

WARSHIPS FOR SALE

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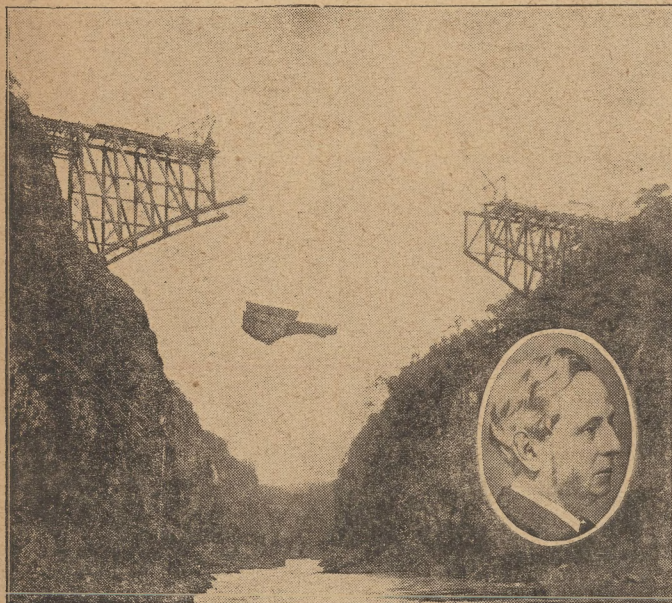
"NORTHAMPTON," "WAH
"ARETHUSA," "SEV
"MERSEY," "GAL
"AUSTRALIA," "ARC
"COSSACK," "MOB
"BARRACOUTTA" and "RAC

TWO TORPEDO CUN

THREE GUNBO

Poster advertising the sale of twelve
two torpedo-gunboats, and three gun
the British Navy, which will be disposed
the Chatham Dockyard to-day because
have become out of date.

BUILDING THE GREAT BRIDGE ACROSS THE ZAMBESI.



This bridge, which has just been completed, is 600ft. long and 420ft. above the waters of the Zambesi. The great cradle hanging in mid-air was used to transport materials across the river and as a safeguard to catch workmen who fell from the incomplete bridge. A portrait of Sir Douglas Fox, of Darlington, head of the firm that built the bridge, appears in the smaller photograph. —(Clark and Elliott and Fry.)

LADY EXPONENT OF JU-JITSU WRESTLES WITH A



During the Public Schools' competition Professor Uyenishi gave a display of the assistance of his lady pupils, one of whom is here shown gripping him with hold, which if the victim struggles renders him unconscious. The ladies demonstrate they would be more than a match for men not learned in the Japanese art.

ON THE ROAD to MUKDEN

Japanese Artillery in action



During the desperate fighting on the way to Mukden the Japanese artillery did splendid work. This photograph shows a number of their guns, which have been carefully placed in the most sheltered position available, bombarding the Russian lines.—(Stereograph copyright, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

THE GEISHA'S PIPE.

Japan the Land Where Everybody
Smokes Except Boys Under
Eighteen.

Japan is now looking to her smokers for financial aid. The interest on the new loan, and the war expenditure, will largely be defrayed by taxation of the tobacco monopoly and the liquor trade.

With the advance of Western civilisation the Japanese have become heavier smokers and heavier drinkers. Still, according to Baron Suematsu, the Japanese statesman who has been lecturing in London, his countrymen are, as a race, "neither a drinking nor a very great smoking nation."

To the tourist who has visited the Far East such a statement appears rather grotesque, but there is an element of truth in it. The foreigner, landing in Japan for the first time, is inclined to believe that the whole nation, men and women, are slaves to tobacco, so constantly is the pipe and cigarette seen.

The clerk who sells you a stamp at the post office, the cashier who deals with your circular notes at the bank, the official who "vises" your passport, the Customs officer who looks at your baggage—all have a cigarette between their teeth or puff at a pipe. You will even see a nursemaid indulging in a quiet pipe while her baby chatters sleep.

TEMPERATE LUXURY.

Still, the Japanese is not an immoderate smoker. In all things he has an almost Greek temperance of thought and action; he tastes fully of all life's pleasures but does not abuse them.

Out of many hundreds of Japanese acquaintances I have never known one habitually drunkard or a single total abstainer. In the same way I do not remember a non-smoking Japanese male friend, and know very few non-smoking women. Yet I have never known a Japanese to suffer from smoker's heart, or tobacco blindness, or any of the usual ill-effects of the English cigarette.

Perhaps it is because, though a Japanese may smoke all day long, he does so only in homœopathic doses. His tiny pipe of brass, silver, or gold, with a bowl smaller in diameter than a three-penny-piece, only allows the tiniest of libations to the Goddess Nicotine. After it has been loaded with a little ball of the very finely-cut Japanese tobacco, looking more like the red hair of a stage-woman than any other object, the smoker lights it at a brazier of glowing charcoal, draws just three whiffs, and then knocks out the ashes.

It is almost impossible to over-smoke with these tiny pipes. To get through an ounce of tobacco a man would have to fill his pipe nearly 300 times. A European would find this necessity extremely irritating, but the tireless patience of the Far East sees nothing irksome in it.

The Japanese is thoroughly wedded to his Liliupian pipe. Even if he smokes a cigarette he generally cuts it into small pieces and uses the pipe as a holder. Few Japanese can smoke either a cigar or an English pipe with conviction.

Japanese women are great smokers, though the

habit does not seem to lessen their womanliness or destroy any of their charms. Two or three dozen cigarettes a day seem to have no effect in dulling the gleaming ivory teeth or dulling the brilliancy of the soft almond eyes of those fair devotees of Lady Nicotine. It is not considered at all a rakish thing for Japanese women to smoke. A pretty, well-bred girl of eighteen will produce her tiny silken pouch and dainty silver pipe with as much matter-of-fact calm as might a man of fifty.

Among the old women the pipe, which is often as long as a walking-stick, is frequently used as an instrument of correction for children and others. The "Oba-san," or grandmother, rules her son's wife with a rod of iron, and often the pipe is the convenient symbol of her authority. A few smart blows with this redoubtable weapon soon bring the erring girl to a proper sense of her position.

It is no uncommon thing to see a venerable, black-toothed, short-haired "granny" laying about her right and left with the practised hand of a Dr. Busby. Then, when the whole of the family is reduced to tears and submission, she sits down on her knees again, and resumes her smoke with philosophic calm.

200-A-PENNY CIGARETTES.

Of late years, in Japan as in Europe, the pipe has given way to the cigarette to a large extent. Japanese cigarettes are wonderfully cheap. One well-known brand for lower-class consumption sells at the rate of a halfpenny for a packet of a hundred. Perhaps this fact may explain in some degree the remarkable tenacity of the Japanese. A nation that can survive 200-a-penny cigarettes is invincible.

Boys, however, are not allowed to poison themselves with these cheap and nasty cigarettes. There is a law forbidding youths under the age of eighteen to indulge in tobacco in any form.

E. R. T.

MADAME NORDICA,



The famous opera singer, who has announced her retirement.—(Photograph, Dupont.)

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

CONDEMNATION OF THE CHILDLESS.

From the capitalist point of view one can understand the wish that there should be a high birth-rate, because it drives millions into the labour market and so keeps wages down, in consequence of the competition.

But the advantage of keeping a family within the reasonable limits of providing them with good food, clothes, and education, thereby raising the standard of health, respectability, comfort, and intelligence, as against poverty, disease, degradation, ignorance, and filth, is apparent to any who will calmly consider the problem for two minutes.

Exeter.

T. F.

"NO ENCUMBRANCES."

None of your correspondents who have written on "Fault or Misfortune" and on "Motherhood" have mentioned one thing that, to my thinking, has a bearing on both cases. That is the attitude adopted by so many employers of to-day towards children.

Why are they so persistently looked upon and spoken of as "encumbrances"—hideous word? If they are so regarded, can it be wondered at that wives seek to avoid motherhood and husbands fatherhood?

Hailsham, Sussex.

A FATHER.

"PROMOTION BY MERIT."

"Would-be Soldier" is quite wrong in supposing that the Army "offers no opening to the middle and upper middle classes."

For any man who has a superior education, and who enjoys a higher degree of the qualities of spirit and initiative, there is every chance of rapid promotion in any branch of the Army, providing he keeps straight.

And whilst working for his promotion he will find that the "lineament" is not such a despicable object as "Would-be Soldier" believes. A. O'C.

Woolwich.

A TEST FOR JU-JITSU.

I have taken great interest recently in the displays of Ju-jitsu wrestling, both by Yukio Tani and, more lately, by Tarro Myuki.

That Tani's popularity was doubled after he defeated Jim Mellor for the light-weight championship, catch-as-catch-can, there is little doubt. Has anyone heard of Miyaki offering to take on the men he has defeated in the Ju-jitsu style in their own style?

Why does not he show his willingness to wrestle in the catch-as-catch-can style?

GERALD M. CONVERS.

46, Greycoat-gardens, S.W.

ARMY RATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Allow me also to endorse "Subaltern's" remarks re timed "bacon." During part of the time I was stationed in the Northern Transvaal, amongst other things I received three times per week an indent for native and European rations.

In the column of remarks these words always appeared: "Give the boys three or four tins of oil (bacon) if you can spare it for greasing saws, etc." After this I had always a surplus of stocktaking! The tinned hams I may say were perfection.

Sheffield.

EX-A.S.C.

To H.M. the King.

BUCHANAN'S
"SPECIAL"

(RED SEAL)

SCOTCH WHISKY

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The Public are earnestly invited to see that they get the genuine article.

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YOU WILL NEVER REGRET IT.

ONLY 6D EACH A **WONDERFUL OFFER** Send me for postage, and receive by return this beautiful **Bolton's Rescued, Garret, Turquoise Amber or Amethyst** which will delight you. I am practically giving these away to introduce my new **Illustrated Catalogue of Gold and Silver Jewellery**. Don't wait until this offer is withdrawn, but write immediately.—B. R. HARRIS, The Wire King, WINTER GARDENS, BLACKFRIARS.

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Souls Adrift.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was Cecilia—Cecilia! Of that there could be no doubt—not a vestige of doubt.

Montague Stone leaned back in his stall, and muttered a prayer of heartfelt thanksgiving to God. He had found this dearly-loved woman—he had found Cecilia. Her sweet, warm body was not given over to corruption and to decay; she was more splendidly alive than he had ever seen her.

For a second the man felt utterly dazed—utterly bewildered—everything appeared to swim before his eyes. The chorus-girls dancing across the stage, the shining footlights, the gaudy, scenic background—everything grew vague and misty. All he could distinguish was Cecilia's face; all he could hear was Cecilia's voice, that voice which floated to him, clear and sweet, the very words of her song ringing out like a message, a message of joy and hope.

Come out and wear a scented chain—
Of roses rich and red,
For roses will not bloom again
When youth and love lie dead.
Ours is the golden day, sweetheart,
And summer's mystic song—
Alas, that summer must depart
And winter be so long!

There she stood in her Puritan dress, with her sad, pathetic face, singing of roses and summer—the roses she had never kissed, the summer that had never dawned. Well, he was there to give both to Cecilia; roses red with a man's deep love and summer days of sheltered happiness.

Robert Lidiard was dead, so now there was no barrier between Montague Stone and the woman he adored; there was no earthly reason why in a few short months he should not make her his honoured and beloved wife, comfort her for the years she had spent with her tyrannical and bom-

bastic husband—with the man whose love for her had only been a refined form of selfishness, and whose egotism and vanity had been colossal.

The light comedy swept on with its medley of song and dance, catchy tune, and humorous saying, but Montague Stone was blind to everything except to the figure of the Puritan Girl—the girl who took the stage.

He gazed his fill at Cecilia, taking an exquisite joy in contemplating her loveliness, her exquisite delicate beauty. He did not trouble himself to surmise what extraordinary chain of events had brought Cecilia to her present position, nor all that had passed since she had fled from the little Chelsea house, a terrified, frightened woman, to face a strange new world. No, it was enough to feel that he had found Cecilia. Explanations could follow later on. For the present he was quite content to gaze on the woman whom he had mourned as dead, and to dream of the blissful and happy days in store.

He was not aware—how should he be aware—that two dark sinister eyes were watching him from the gallery, or that a man was gloating over his warm happiness. He was aware of no evil lurking shadow which might suddenly project its shape across his path. All he was conscious of was a feeling of extraordinary happiness and new-found joy.

He went out at the conclusion of the first act, had a drink at the bar—a whisky and soda which he stood strongly in need of—then he pencilled a few lines on his card and asked one of the theatre attendants to take it round at once to Miss Melwyn. He had simply written a few lines on the little slip of pasteboard, but they were lines full with meaning.

"Let me see you! Surely you will not refuse to see your friend, Montague Stone?"

Montague passed through some harassed and anxious moments till the attendant returned. He never doubted for a second that he was right in thinking that Cecilia Melwyn was really Cecilia Lidiard, but would the girl be distressed? She might desire to forget everything connected with the unhappy past, and yet it would be unlike Cecilia to desire to cut herself adrift from those she

had really cared for, and Montague Stone knew that the girl had formerly regarded him as her best friend; she had told him so more than once in the old days.

He wondered, as he stood there waiting, if he had been over-bold in dreaming, if he watched Cecilia on the stage, that she would ever consent to be his wife, and yet surely he could offer her a good deal. A splendid position, a fine home, and a man's deep, true love. Why, if she did not care much for him it would be a senseless proceeding to refuse to marry him, for though Cecilia had started well on her new career, still the life she had chosen was hard and arduous compared to the assured position which Montague Stone was prepared to offer her.

"Miss Melwyn says she will be pleased to see you in her dressing-room after her second song in the next act."

That was the message sent by Cecilia—a message which revived all Montague Stone's hopes and made him feel the happiest man alive.

He pressed a liberal fee into the attendant's hand, then made his way back to his seat in the theatre. He waited in a state of wild excitement for the curtain to rise, and when, after a little delay, the Puritan Girl again tripped to the centre of the stage, he fixed his eyes upon her, wondering if she would glance in his direction and spare him a timid smile. But the Puritan Girl was not looking at the stalls, nor indeed at the audience at all. She seemed wholly absorbed in her part. But once or so, Montague Stone fancied, she gazed with some interest at the stage-boxes to the right where two young men sat, two men who were regarding her with close and critical attention. He glanced up jealously and rested his eyes on the tall, brown-haired young fellow, whose face expressed the deep and intense admiration of the beautiful Puritan.

"Who is that handsome youngster, I wonder?" thought Montague Stone, staring hard at Jack Halows. He was to know later on, for fate was to bring the two men together, and interlace the threads of their lives; fate was to do this—and a woman.

(Continued on page 11.)

BOOKS TO CRY OVER.

Passages Which Have Moved the Tears of Well-known Writers.

In his latest book Mr. Andrew Lang sets forth several passages in English literature which have made him cry whenever he has read them.

The *Daily Mirror* has persuaded some other well-known men and women writers to tell what books have especially moved them. Here are a few of their confidences:—

Weeps for Dogs.

Mr. G. R. Sims:—All books make me cry in which there is the death of a dog. For that reason I never read books in which a dog dies.

Mr. Kipling's "They."

Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson:—Time was when I wept copiously over my reading. Now the fountain of my tears is more sluggish. The last thing I wept over, and found tears inadequate for, was Mr. Kipling's "They."

"The Three Musketeers."

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy:—My vividdest recollection of shedding tears over a book belongs to the time when I was a very small boy, reading for the first time of many times the adventures of the immortal "Three Musketeers" (Dumas). It was the death of Porthos that made me cry—not because I loved him the best of the four, but because he was the first to perish.

Many times since, over books too many to name, I have had a disposition to cry, but this memory remains the most abiding as the first of my griefs in the kingdom of fiction.

A List of Books.

Rita:—What books have brought tears to my eyes? I give the following list:—

"John Halifax, Gentleman" (Mrs. Craik).
"Dombey and Son" (Dickens).
Little Nell's death in the "Old Curiosity Shop" (Dickens).
"Little Lord Fauntleroy" (Mrs. Hodgson Burnett).
"The Cry of the Children" (Elizabeth Barrett Browning).

Not the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Mr. Max Pemberton:—I am not a copious weeper. The only fiction upon which I have shed tears lately is Mr. Andrew Lang's recent denunciation of the modern novel. I did not weep over the "Encyclopædia Britannica," though some of my friends appear to have done so.

In serious literature I venture to express the opinion that the reader who is not touched by the misfortunes of *Père Goriot* (Balzac) will never be moved by literature at all, while the death of Colonel Newcome stands to me for one of the finest pathetic pictures in the English language.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mrs. L. T. Meade:—I am not a crying person, and neither books nor the drama draw tears from me. One book, however, must be named as an

exception. I allude to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which made me weep until I was almost ill when I was a little child.

With regard to latter-day books and feelings, I cannot enough express my emotion on reading the magnificent last scene in "The Mill on the Floss" (George Eliot). No recent book has touched that master work for me.

Too Often to Count.

Mr. "F. Anstey":—I have quite lost count of the number of books that have made me cry, and am therefore unable to supply any precise figures.

"WE WILL NOT LISTEN TO THE DEVIL"

Four Days' Massacre Instigated and Permitted by Russian Authorities.

The ways of Russian governors are, indeed, dark and strange.

Now that the truth is coming out about the awful massacres at Baku, in the Caucasus—the place which sends us most of our petroleum—it seems quite clear that the Christian Armenians and the Mohammedan Tartars were directly instigated to cut one another's throats.

Rumours were circulated to the effect that each nationality was preparing to fall upon the other. Upon ignorant people these had their natural effect. Very soon disturbances broke out, and for four days Baku was the scene of the most hideous bloodshed, arson, outrage, and rapine.

Not only did the authorities take no steps to stop the massacres, in which hundreds lost their lives; they actually put difficulties in the way of the religious leaders of the two communities when the latter proposed to march in joint procession through the town to restore peace.

THE CLERGY ACT.

At last, however, the Armenian High Priest and the Mohammedan Sheikh determined to act. The latter addressed his fellow-Muslims in a burning speech of reproach. He urged them to stretch forth brotherly hands to the Armenians, instead of killing them.

A like exhortation was made to the Armenians, and both sides laid down their arms. They assembled in the Armenian Cathedral to the number of 45,000, and in solemn chorus swore "not to listen to the Devil," but to live in peace, as they had done heretofore.

Now there are demands for a public inquiry into the criminal conduct of the authorities. If the Tsar does not grant this, he will lie under the stigma of allowing his peaceful subjects to be deliberately urged on to kill one another in the most horrible circumstances.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

A DREAMER'S HARVEST. By MONT HONNAN. Greening, 6s. The story of a simple country girl with a fine voice who is tempted to give up her village love and peaceful life to the excitements of triumph and wealth.

FAME THE FIDDLER. By A. A. H. BERNARD. Greening, 6s. Popular edition. In this, its cheap form, the book loses none of the humanity which characterizes it.

dead are evil spoken of it is permitted, so the legend goes, that they may come and listen." She glanced over her shoulder with some apprehension at the expression of pathetic fear played over her white face.

"Do you know, Montague—though it sounds almost wicked to say so—my feelings towards Robert have changed utterly. I can hardly believe I ever loved him. I think of him as some sinister and evil influence which was allowed for a time to shadow my life. Isn't it dreadful of me?" She spoke in tones of bitter self-reproach. "But all the same I cannot help myself. I can never think of him as the man who loved me. I can only remember him as the man who wanted me to die with him on that terrible, that awful, night." A violent shudder shook the girl as she spoke. She clenched and unclenched her little hands.

"Why didn't you come to me that evening, Cecilia?" asked Montague tenderly. "And what happened to you, poor child? Where did you take refuge after you fled from the house?"

Cecilia shook her head.

"Mustn't you go to bed about that appalling night," she murmured gently. "I think I must have gone mad for a few hours, for all I can remember is rushing through the darkness like a hunted thing, running as it were through miles and miles of interminable darkness, Montague, pursued by terrific shapes of my own fancy. I thought Robert would speak to me, ready to seize me with his cold hands, and drag me with him to the grave. Oh, those long streets, those bare, deserted squares! I shall always be afraid of London because of that night of agony."

"Yet London hid you—London sheltered you," interrupted Montague tenderly, then he drew closer to speak to her more intimately than he had done. Tell me what happened to you the next day, and how it is that you have blossomed out into an actress, Cecilia; and tell me another thing, above all—his voice grew very earnest—"say that you are glad to see me, say that you are glad to be found."

A loud knock at the door made Cecilia rise from her chair with a start.

"Come in!" she cried hastily, and a stout,

SPRING CLEANING.

Why Not Have the Work Done by a Co-operative Company?

A capital little monthly magazine, called the "Partner," has been looking out for new businesses on which women can embark. This month it has got hold of quite a new field—one which really seems quite capable of being profitably developed. As the days lengthen, and the buds begin to show themselves on the hedges, a certain uneasiness shows itself in every household. It has not yet taken original shape, but the symptoms are there, and every housewife will soon develop the annual attack of spring cleaning, which will only yield to energetic applications of soap and water.

Now why should this be? Very many of us spring bring a fortnight of misery to the mistress of every house from £20 rental up to, say, £60, for these are about the limits?

Why should not spring cleaning be organised on the same principles that have made the window cleaning companies a success?

A SIMPLE SCHEME.

The "Partner's" scheme, therefore, is as follows:

Let a woman of experience open an office in each residential suburb, engage a small staff of efficient women, and send round to all the houses in the neighbourhood a circular stating that she is prepared to take over the entire work of house-cleaning for a fixed sum. The charges need not be large, by a little management.

At 8 a.m. send the carpet man to call and take away the carpets from house to house for cleaning by a carpet-beating firm, with whom our firm will have made contracts. The carpets removed, the scrubbers will then arrive, and scrub and clean the house systematically.

Probably it would be found that this could be done in one day, and either the same night or the next morning the carpets could be brought back and laid down, and the year's trouble would be over.

Fancy the relief to the housewife; consider the saving of labour and expense owing to the cleaning staff moving from house to house. Probably it would be found that the bulk of this class of work would be completed during the months of April, May, and June. The work would then enter on a fresh phase.

For the rest of the year the staff might be reduced, though there would be the year through a permanent staff of the more experienced women acting as forewomen, etc.

Contracts could be taken to keep the same private houses in order permanently throughout the year, visiting them, say, once a week, scrubbing the passages and certain rooms, and doing the multifarious jobs that a housewife finds so burdensome. With this assistance the servant question would be practically settled.

It may seem that all this would cost a good deal of money, but the writer is convinced that this would not be so.

The whole cost of the new system of what we may call co-operative house cleaning would probably be earned by the food, gas, firing, etc., of the servant saved.

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County Handicap, Alexandra Park.—Wild Night Again.

JAY'S GIVE PERSONAL ATTENTION.
345, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.
PADDINGTON: 219, SHIRLAND ROAD, W.
225, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.
WATFORD: 12 and 13, PARADE, HIGH STREET.
HARLESDEN: 7, HIGH STREET, N.W.
CRICKLEWOOD: 1, OAKLAND TERRACE, N.W.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C., between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), at the rate of 12 words 1/6 (11d. each word afterwards), except for **SITUATIONS**, for which the rate is 1/6 for 12 words, and 1d. per word after. Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by postal orders crossed **Coutts and Co.** (Stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for this purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, **sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.**

DAILY BARGAINS.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A.A. HIGH-CAL. Credit Tailoring. "Imperial" London. Suits to measure, 34s. to 55s. monthly selection of patterns "E" post free; please call—William Tailoring Co., 431, Old-st., City Rd., E.C.

A FREE daily sample Handkerchief, with illustrated list; send stamp—British Linen Company, London.

ASTONISHING Bargains in Gentlemen's high-class muffs and Second-hand Suits, Overcoats, Trunks, Foot-cases, and Vestas Dress Suits, smoking and dressing Gowns, hunting and riding Breeches, fur-lined Overcoats, Boots, (by leading London makers), and elegant light-weight, rib-stitch second-hand leather Trunks, Portmanteaux, Kidbags, fitted Dressing-cases, etc., etc.—Note address, High-st., 12, Higher, Putney.

BABy's COMPLETE OUTFIT, 68 articles, 21s.; worth double; exquisitely made; Robe, etc.; approval—Call or write, Norris Scott, 251, Uxbridge-road, near Apsley Park, Shepherd's Bush.

BABy's Outfit, 70 articles, 21s.; exquisite bargain—Delta, 35, Bonfield-road, Lewisham.

BARGAIN—10s. 6d.; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 2 petticoats, 3 nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—Delta, 160, Larkhall-lane, Clapham.

"BEATALL" White Remnant Parcel, 13 ea. each; damasks, linens, muslins, cantrines—Beatall, 218, The Strand, Nottingham.

BEAUTIFUL Baby Long Clothes; sets of 50 articles, 21s.; a bargain of loveliness; approval—Mrs. Max, 15, The Strand, Nottingham.

BOUSSES Costumes, Skirts, draped from warehouse, wholesale prices; send 2s. for sample book; light or dark; new spring catalogue post free—Wynne Bros., 154, Bridge-street, London.

BOUSSES made to ladies' own measurements; leading spring materials—Miss Course, Stratford.

BONELESS Corsets, full support without steel; lightest weight ever produced; special new material; highest list—Corset and Clothing Co., Mansfield-road, Nottingham. Mention "Mirror."

FORTY SHILLING suit for 10s. 6d.—"Great Tailoring offer." Dear Sir,—To enable you to understand that England is not landlocked in London, we have decided to advertise this wonderful Gentlemen's Tweed Suit at 10s. 6d., carriage free. Write now for our free catalogue and measure yourself; this offer may not last much longer. Get all your friends also to avail themselves of our great British great offer. Write us your measurements. Foremen write us. We are here to attend you, and our prices are an eye-opener to the world. You write us. Postcard will do. If you have no stamp at home post us. It without; we like to hear from you—Yours faithfully for 22 years, the Globe Clothing Trust, Dept. D, 15 and 20, Oxford-st., next door Oxford Music Hall, London W.

GENTLEMEN'S Suits to measure, 21s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Suits to measure, 52s. 6d.; terms cash—City Tailors Dept., 15, Prince of Wales-st., London.

LACE at wholesale prices; large assortment; 15s. 6d. Savige, 27, Daybrook-st., Sherwood, Nottingham.

LADIES' Costume Skirts made to measure, from 4s. 11d. to 21s.; guaranteed to be absolutely the best value ever offered; patterns and catalogue post free; application—Irish Skirt and Mantle Manufacturing Co., 59, Royal-avenue, Belfast.

LADIES'—In return for crossed postal order, 3s. 4d. we forward, carriage paid, one of our best, perfect new, dark tan (latest shade), extremely elegant, simple, and very durable; latest common season, London West End design in heel, toe, and general get-up; easy fitting; lace or two or three bars; and daily; if you write us, we will thought worth 21s. money back on demand; chance of a lifetime; every pair of ladies' shoes and self-measurement testimonials; remit 4s. 4d. sharp, to prevent disappointment.—Times Boot Co. makers at auction and London West End trade established 1801, 23, Camberwell-rd., London. Don't forget size.

LADIES only 2s. 6d. need be sent with your order for Costumes from 21s.; jackets, drapery, boots, etc.; perfect fit guaranteed; balance 1s. weekly; quick delivery; no objectionable inquiries; pattern and self-measurement chart post free—Write Dept. 233, A. Thomas, 517, Upper-st., Islington, London.

LADIES wishes to dispose of handsome brown 7-strand real ostrich moustache, rather small; perfectly new; sacrifice 11s. 9d.; approval by post—Eva, Caxton House, Upper Tulse Hill, London.

MONSTER 10s. parcel assorted Laces; exceptional value—Wylie and Co., 84, Parliament-st., Nottingham.

ONE Shilling Weekly—Clothing made to measure below shopkeepers' prices; good business suits from 27s. 6d., Boots, 10s. 6d.; Ladies' Jackets, Mantles, and tailor-made Suits from 25s.; delivered on cash deposit; perfect fit guaranteed; patterns and new American self-measurement forms post free; no objectionable inquiries; quick delivery—Write Dept. 70, A. Thomas, 517, Upper-st., Islington, London.

PERRY AND SIMPLE, washable; fashionable; latest novelty; real Irish spring Dress Linens; new at lowest prices; from 61d. yard; Samples Post Free—The Strand, 81, Larkhall-lane, Clapham.

QUITE A TREASURY—Send for patterns of our Dress and House Fashions; were showing some of the prettiest creations ever designed (over 100 varieties); grand presents to your buyers; write now orders carriage paid—Latta Lesley, Summer Dress Dept., 640, Arndley, Leeds.

SMART Day and Evening Gowns, Millinery, etc.; only slightly worn; great bargains—Salmon, 11, Hanway-st., Tottenham Court-road, London.

SMARTEST tailor-made Walking Skirts, 7s. 11d.; marvelous value—Christine, 99, Regent-st.

2/- PER PAIR—Genuine Police and Army Trousers; grand for work or evenings; carriage 6d.—W. Harrow and Co., 51, Bruce Castle-rd., Tottenham.

2/6 DOWN will secure you fashionable Overcoat or Suit made to measure; call to see styles—Style Credit Agents, 64, Chesapeake, and 269, Edgware-rd.

25/- STYLE Boots for 6s. 4d.—Atounding Bargains. In return for crossed postal order, 34s. to 55s. monthly selection of patterns "E" post free; please call—William Tailoring Co., 431, Old-st., City Rd., E.C.

Articles for Disposal.

A REMARKABLE Scissors, can actually be used as a screw-driver, tracing-wheel, scissors, cigar-cutter, glass-cutter, hair-cutter, tracing-knife, pen-knife, stereoscope, glass-braker, ruler, nail file, cartridge extractor, measure, buttonholer, scissors, gas-pipe-taps, and box-screw. Guaranteed. Price, 10s. 6d. post free—Arnett, 104, Green-st., Hereford.

A BARGAIN—Handsome set Sheffield Cutlery; 12 large knives, 12 small, 2000 carvers. Steel. Croftford ivory handles; 11s. 9d.; approval—Madam, Pools, 90, West-st., London.

ALL MARRIAGES MADE A SUCCESS on easy terms by the use of our 24s. 6d. wedding rings and solid gold keeps for 25s. 6d. pair; watches, cutlery, and jewellery delivered on small deposit; balance monthly; illustrations sent on request—J. J. Croftford, 11, Upper-st., Dept. 162, A. Thomas, 517, Upper-st., Islington, London.

CLAR Bands for decorative purposes; 6d., 9d., 1s. per band; 10s. 6d. 35amp; or sample and select your own designs—B. Rot, Cigar Merchant, Slough.

CONFECTORS' Ovens; coal coke or gas; self-contained; complete outfit; 10s. 6d. post free—Mabbott, Phoenix Iron Works, Manchester.

Home Cure for Baldness

and all other derangements of the hair, such as Scurf, Dandruff, Scanty Partings, Falling Hair, Premature Greyness, etc., etc.

A REMEDY OFFERED FREE

which possesses all the elements that go to produce a good hair, and its powerful stimulating properties go straight to the hair roots—giving them a life and vigour they never knew before. And life and vigour to the roots mean more hair, stronger hair, better hair, it will assuredly do all this for YOU, as it has done for thousands of others.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

The Great Hair Producer and Restorer.

The finest Dressing. Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and Necessary of every Modern Toilet.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE AND SUPPLIED DIRECT TO
H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.L.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA.

A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

(In "Daily Mirror," April 4)

1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Order.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

TURNBULTE—Gentlemen must be satisfied drawing-room suit, 15s. 6d.; grand waistcoat, 15s. 6d.; grand bed-room suit, 15s. 6d.; 10s. 6d.; solid brass Bedstead, 70s.; handsome Piano, £11 10s.; private—19, Holland-rd., Loughborough-rd., Brighton.

GIVEN AWAY—A four-frilling piece of music, six pages full size, will be sent free present to every reader of the "Daily Mirror." Forward your address to Music Agent, 280, Chancery-lane, London. Enclose this advertisement and 1d. stamp to cover postage of music.

HOTEL Proprietors—Wright's—large "Bureaux," Gas Stoves, two ovens; nearly new; set £11 10s.—Clarence Restaurant, Wellington-rd.

INVALID Bath Chair, large size, leather hood and springs; also and wheeling Chair, cheap—C. H. P., 208, Philip-lane, Tottenham.

LADIES' Rings; stamped; 5 fancy diamonds and rubies or diamonds and topaz; on fancy 1s. 6d.; state size—Hatch, 5, Waterloo-lane, Blackfriars, E.C.

LADY must sacrifice lovely jewelled Ring (stamped), 2s. 6d.; ditto Bracelet, 3s. 6d.; approval—R. T. 176, Ramesbury-rd., S.W.

LADY wishes to sell 18-carat rolled gold Necklace with Lockets, 2s. 6d.; also—Marshall diamond Dress Ring, 2s. 6d.; approval—Miss James, 127, Holmesdale-rd., Seaford.

LADY'S genuine Silver Watch; guaranteed; only 12s. 6d.; approval—Maud, 6, Grafton-sq., Clapham.

LARGE Assortments of new and second-hand Lingerie, Trunks, Bags, and fitted Corsets to be sold cheap—Wentler, 107, Charing Cross-rd., London, W.C.

WATCHWORK—Sixty large pieces silk watch, including unmounted crown jewels; 10s. 6d. reduced; 6d. extra; action guaranteed—Dept. D. M., Shutford Lane, Banbury.

BONUS BONUS GIFTS.
3s. MAGNET FOUNTAIN PEN, silver-mounted BRIAR PIPE or a gold-cased PHOTO PENDANT given free to every purchaser.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.
Your Money Back if Goods Not Approved.
FULL LIST FREE ON REQUEST.

8/6 RACE, FIELD, or MARINE GLASS, Military Binoculars, 45 miles range, 10 achromatic crystal lenses, wide field in saddle-made sling case. Reduced to 8s. 6d. Approval before payment.

9/6 CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 10 years written warranty; also—18-carat gold-filled, 10 years written warranty; stamped and guaranteed 15 years' wear. Three together, reduced to 2s. 6d. Approval before payment.

9/6 LADY'S HANDSOME 18-CARAT GOLD-CASED KEYS, 10 years written warranty; also—10 years written warranty; stamped and guaranteed 15 years' wear. Three together, reduced to 2s. 6d. Approval before payment.

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